



PARENTAL  
ADVISORY  
EXPLICIT CONTENT

# Canibus Lyrics

"Curmudgeon"

The empire beneath the ice  
Has everything to do with your life  
History is music, music is life  
Oh now you tofu tough, you wanna roll in the mud  
I got poisonous-blowfish guts sewn into my gloves  
Float like a butterfly, fly like a dove  
The spirit becomes love if it holds no grudge  
Muzzle flash, close your eyes like you in a bubble bath  
You say it's so sad, well tell me what's so bad?  
First, you get your feet wet, then you wet your beak next  
This preset accelerates into a grease of sweat  
Oh, you're hungry? Of course, Fine  
You're the boss, but if I cook rice pilaf  
You have to turn the TV off  
She left her earrings over, I was below fixing the outboard motor  
I stopped what I was doing, she walked closer  
Crunch time, can't take lunchtime  
But that's in the bloodline  
I only got one more rhyme  
And I only got to do it 100 million more times  
I'm almost done, I almost lost my mind  
I already had my fifteen minutes  
Now I'm just stretching the limits  
Wit' small digit Professor Emeritus lyrics  
Retired in Uruguay study linguistics and writing  
I don't know how long I'll be here, my Visa's expired  
Twisting up turtle for money  
Delta 8 gummies taste funny  
Don't you think Honey?  
You wanna back rub me?  
Scratchy ass voice, honey lemon make my cords moist  
But when the fans want me to growl, I ain't got a choice  
There's no way to opt-out, compliance comes from the top down  
Before Nimrod's temple is knocked down  
You talking tough, crypto game  
But I ain't seeing no gains  
You couldn't break me off with some of that change?  
Inside the tabernacle, we grappled over the time capsule  
Upsetting the balance between the synthetic and the natural  
Sequence confirmed, feel the burn  
I apologize in advance if this doesn't seem like a real concern  
I am at a loss for words, a monkey kidney looks human  
If you shave the fur, I'm ashamed to concur  
The puzzle is a crossword, the word is Marlboro  
The world revolve first, your faith will falter  
The conqueror is a harvester, mistaken for a farmer  
Kicking and screaming, you will be dragged up to the altar

But this too shall pass, only a fool will try to outlast  
The same entity from the ancestors past  
Ooh be careful, not enough data available  
You try another password still get a error code  
Are you a targeted individual? Hey you never know  
But there are places in this world that you should never go  
The speech pathologist carved out their tongues  
Started mocking 'em, thought about stopping 'em  
But it was interesting watching 'em  
Mystery charms wrapped around his arms  
A suicide belt bomb, underneath his garms keep calm  
The deep fake con artist stacking Era Grand bearers bonds in his office  
Egg and cheese croissant, no sausage  
A threat is a guarantee, yet death is a little less than a promise  
So we pray for the dark skin Amish  
And the melanated William Wallace  
Broken homes for the jobless  
Fractured and broken bones for the doctors  
Gentlemen, synchronize your watches  
The time stops when the internet kill switch is pressed tomorrow morning  
The spell ends, the hell begins, the Freedom Bell rings  
A fat lady sings, farewell friends  
Walk into work while black, the motherfucker jumped out his squad car  
And said "Where the fuck is your job at?"  
They kill me the Reboot Lord, the Reset God  
Now I can see I got more than a couple defects Mom  
The world is crashing, collapsing  
The audience is standing, applauding and clapping  
Are they for real? Or are they acting?  
Ay, I know you ain't talking  
Me? I'm just standing in the audience  
Just trying to enjoy their performances  
The fingerless puppet master creating nothing but utter disaster  
Evergrand bankrupted the planet  
Fighter jet stream down the Potomac river  
In the land of the free  
If you believe as I do, stand with me

# Canibus Lyrics

"Entameta (Remix)"

(feat. DMX)

*[DMX:]*

You gonna do something or just stand there?  
No? I didn't think so  
Uh, yo  
Is this on too?  
That's my start, right?

*[Canibus:]*

This one starts over a beat loop and a hot bowl of dandelion soup  
Recorded two projects, I'm 'bout to regroup  
Enter the verse of the meta, Can-I-Bus forever  
The rhyme predator beta test to make it better  
Harmonic tremors, VR molecule, parse the data and zoom  
On a Zoom call, howlin' at the moon  
Metatron's cube, a tribe from Cameroon  
Makes love to change the molecular matter of a spoon  
The language was spoken dystopian, sung as a holy hymn  
By some old moldy men soakin' in Covid phlegm  
Cornmeal coated in fried okra, pathogen serum from live cobras  
One hit'll roll your eyes over  
Polar drip, solar pole shift, liftin' weights  
On a stranded container ship, waitin' for the rain to quit  
A thousand solar cycles later I'm still writing with pen and paper  
The Creator recreated Jamaica, indigenous  
Genetic information, beautiful natives, unusual flavors  
Looked her up and down and said "Hmm, I'll take her"  
This is critical survival, not in denial  
Not an emotional spiral, not bein' tribal or worshippin' idols  
Put on your [?] virtual reality goggles  
(Put on your goggles and watch me kill shit)

*[DMX:]*

We gon' get it  
Get to 'em  
We gon' get it  
Now get to 'em  
We gon' get it  
Get to 'em  
We gon' get it  
Now get to 'em

*[Canibus:]*

I woke in a jail where prisoners get key fobs  
Every mornin' we feed 'em grapefruit pancakes infused with sea moss  
You want white folks involved  
Just threaten to vaccinate their dogs

I bet they bring this whole shit to a halt  
I'm on the clock when I'm wearin' pajamas  
No shirt, just boxers, can't wait to go to work with the Oculus  
Cripple in fear, paralyzed there with a stare  
What should you wear? It's VR, goddammit, who cares?  
Emotion is stable read but now you are sleepin' in the weeds  
Tossin' and turnin' like birds in a chicken feed  
Quantitative, yet almost basic, gross and naked  
Like all the missing heads of the statues they excavated  
Damn, the Canibus Man got abs like Lenny Krav'  
His hands lift heavy slabs and split heavy bags  
Spongy form encephalopathy, I have to keep workin'  
And deep burnin' to complete deep discernin' machine learnin'  
Mixing jars, cold Shandy, lemonade and beer  
Contemplate what it would take to recreate your career  
What two words contain the most letters?  
The answer is post office, nigga  
(Put on your goggles and watch me kill shit)

*[DMX:]*

We gon' get it  
Get to 'em  
We gon' get it  
Now get to 'em  
We gon' get it  
Get to 'em  
We gon' get it  
Now get to 'em

*[Canibus:]*

Detect an infection, arise an airborne transmission  
And all they had to do was listen  
That was completely unscripted, just havin' some fun with it  
A mind erasin' event, that leave you tongue-twisted  
Three weeks without food, three days without water  
Three minutes without oxygen, he's a dead man talkin'  
I want mandatory black beans with rice and greens  
[?] acetylene turn you to a TikTok meme  
Don't let me throw you out the chopper, the top of the Nakatomi Plaza  
They thought they got him, I'm the only survivor  
I'm the captain of this ocean liner  
iPad Navionics, I don't need no autopilot  
Enter the Metaverse is an online course  
Where I dismount my horse and kick your corpse

*[DMX:]*

We gon' get it  
Get to 'em  
We gon' get it  
Now get to 'em  
We gon' get it  
Get to 'em  
We gon' get it

Now get to 'em

Yo yo yo yo yo yo  
What up? What up? What up?  
Talk to 'em  
DMX

# Canibus Lyrics

## "Hydra"

I'm from a planet  
Called Xanotos Gambit  
Where I used to be a champion  
Now I'm just regular old Canibus  
Your wrist-band says 'do not resuscitate'  
OK, just lay there while I fuck your face  
911 emergency facetime  
Decreases the wait time  
Just be polite to the police to save time  
'Cause if you scream over the phone  
They take your ass to the green zone  
Where you gon' end up with a tube up your nose  
All alone in a concrete room that's so cold  
You'll be froze, with icicles hanging from your earlobes  
Eskimo varmones  
I'm like a polar bear getting his hair combed  
Sittin' on a tropical throne  
My wolves look like 64 legged spiders  
With 8 headed hydras  
Breathing through Cnibus breathalyzers  
Brought to you by Pfizer  
Goliath drop science from the shoulders of giants  
People quick to despise it  
And the gods are stooped to admire  
The hunt continues even at night  
My murder hornets are nocturnal flyers and they bite  
Even in flight, we strike  
10-minute warning  
Zero dark, early in the morning  
My life is so boring  
Now I'm boarding  
Stockpiling food  
Still hoarding  
Freeze-drying eliminates spoiling  
If you can swim to the next mooring  
Then I'll meet you in the morning  
The lifebuoy rope is uncoiling  
I saved your life, it's heart-warming  
The big homie Jose  
He smelled like roach spray  
He used to always say  
That he missed the old days  
I used to laugh when he listened to the O'jays  
Muy trabajo even on slow days  
His brother named Soze  
He fucked with the dope game  
Quero comer the scorpion, that was his code name

Prepare for game day  
Every Wednesday is buy propane day  
The Paypal cash app apple payday  
They add the virus to the cocktail then stir  
They believe we are the disease and our death is their cure  
Our whole life, only our first breath was pure  
Through the redundant cycle of fear next to occur  
They break backs to build back stronger  
But it got so much harder  
Folks can't tow the line any longer  
Population corralled  
To the point they can only move their bowels  
Like some god damn bovine cows  
Medical patients lay there naked  
Intubated, we lay hands on ventilators  
Prey for them, but still can't save them  
I asked shorty why she need a rubber for her strap-on  
She said to hide her new Joan smell from her last Joan  
I ain't last that hard since money talks  
Or seeing Chris Tucker do that fifth element walk  
Silence! can never be caught  
Benjamin Bulldog to the heart  
Samuel Jackson from 'jumper' said  
Just cause you can teleport  
That don't make you God  
Imma break you off  
You gon' take this jab, Imma make you cough  
Flatten the back of your head  
With a tow truck flatbed  
Grab my Phillips out the tool bag  
And stab your leg  
See me, I don't study how rugged you sound  
I doubled down, jump to the ground, Bus double the rounds  
Invite me if you want trouble around  
If I can't muzzle the sound  
I find an empty water bottle off the ground  
My days are numbered  
But so are yours you stupid motherfucker  
You can't escape the spell were under  
What's your style  
Siberian sambo skin penetrating nano  
Go Rambo on that asshole no capto  
Model bitch rid my cock  
While I watch Dipset Vs Lox  
Then after that, we watch brlbrlbrlbrl get mocked  
I got a gift  
I built my own wings to achieve lift  
My verses are reverse engineered Gullwing kit  
Brother poetry, sullen beat  
Sold 3 but didn't know it was me  
The infinite rhyme, I told you it was deep  
Let these truths be self-evident  
Based off our morphic resonance

7 decimal points to the left again  
With radiated intelligence  
Helium 3 weapons kits unregistered  
I sound like Jim Vexer when I spit  
    Robotic, johnny mnemonic  
    With inflammo thrombotic  
    Response in my solder sockets  
    When I'm popping and locking  
        Step in the mic booth  
    Propulsion system glowing bright blue  
    Described in the bible, turn into a giant Kaiju  
    Taking commands from space force flight crew  
        I was Japanese in '92  
        They called my tiny Timbuktu  
            Sky hero drones  
        No wires, push-button broken appliance  
        You didn't know your warranty was expired?  
    Gorilla gardening with long-forgotten techniques  
        Of Phoenician farming and I'm only charging  
            1 crypto farthing  
        Laughing so hard I can't stop farting  
            So charming its alarming  
    A brother tommy and Steve Harvey in the morning  
        They was calling  
        I told em I ain't donating no organs  
    God damn it, you better get off my phone, I'm done talking

# Canibus Lyrics

## "Live Action Role Play"

The moths are attracted to the lumens  
The same way the humans are attracted to a revolution  
    Face front you deep fake cunt  
    You better give 'em what they want  
    You put 'em in a pressure cooker for months  
        Pun intended, surprise  
    Lowes Hardware is low on supplies  
        But most guys won't realize  
        Until McDonald's is low on fries  
        Just came back from outside  
    As I was jogging I was reading the signs  
        Lies, murder and more lies  
        My eyes cried turpentine  
    I taste human fertilizer in the wine  
    I knew a guy, use to work for the mob  
        Had to get out and dodge  
        Henry Hill called him Gulag Bob  
He said these histamine sneezers, respiratory wheezers  
    False Jesus wearing Yeezy sneakers  
        They some crazy old geezers  
    They decide to genocide, the when and the why  
        Like Biggie's first album just get ready to die  
The haves decide, the have nots gotta go along for the ride  
    This is for those who have ears and eyes  
        The wise, 'Ooh la la la la'  
    That's the sound of electric bikes doing drive-bys  
        Big face like Little Richard  
        Hitting high notes with his lips twisted  
        Lipstick the same color as chitlins  
        I'll take all your residual gains  
        Liquify your criminal brains  
    And pour 'em down municipal drains  
        We are the initiates of the flame  
        Wit' strange nicknames  
They came out of this world from Maine to Brisbane  
    And from this day forward  
You are welcome to make a quick claim on this recording  
    Meanwhile, I keep it in storage  
Got deported, escorted off the planet by the solar warden  
    Who kept rolling up my sleeve but I didn't want it  
    Anxiously looking through the looking glass keyhole  
        From inside the placebo  
        Let me tell you what we know  
        Welcome to Amerizuela  
        The beast mark on your genitalia  
    That's the one thing they never tell ya  
    You're broke walking barefoot in the snow

With a pumpernickel half loaf  
Wearing half a coat  
If you choose to accept this mission  
You gone end up dead, nigga  
Either that or spend life in prison  
They look, they don't even know what they looking at  
They live, they don't even know what hood they at  
See that book? Pick it up  
Nah, put it back  
I don't think ill ever be good enough for that  
The release of the binary mutagen  
Created melanated supermen  
This is how the future begins  
Aliens with humans for pets  
Yes this is truly intense  
A B-movie wit' the spookiest suspense  
Confusing in every way you can think  
Just follow the program command strings  
Let me do my thing  
The ripper renewed his charter  
His music was smarter  
Life sucks but afterlife will be beautiful karma  
His head was examined  
His astral body left the planet  
He came back to help science understand it  
The new world recruits  
Drink the Jim Jones juice  
Take a jab to the glutes  
And now their ears are ringing  
To the sound of a gargoyle playing the flute  
Hot lava plumes break the seven continents loose  
Satellite phones, Magna tight stones  
Skeletons with bleached white bones  
Hanging from abandoned homes  
Drones over green zone camps  
Scan the forehead barcode stamps  
Only the inoculated can hold hands  
Fall asleep to Tik Tok on the 'Gram  
Woke up in a trance  
Electroshock wristwatch  
To self medicate they press the button on the clasp  
So their muscles won't cramp  
In a cave under a kerosene oil lamp  
"My internet's down  
It came back up but now there's no sound"  
Bill Paxton in the background screaming  
"What the fuck are we gonna do now?  
Oh that's fucking great now, man  
Why you cocksuckers are out here grab assing  
We're gonna get slaughtered, man  
Those things are gonna mutate half a dozen times in a month, man  
Then we're gonna be playing leapfrog with unicorns for real

Why don't you just put her in freaking charge, man  
'Cause those things are gonna come in here  
And they're gonna wipe us out, man  
And it's not a goddamned thing we can do about it  
'Cause we can't get out of here, man  
It's a fucking nightmare  
It's a live-action roleplay  
And those things are gonna come in here  
And their gonna take our souls away..."

# Canibus Lyrics

"Travis Scott Concert"

(feat. Born Sun & Body Bag Ben)

*[Canibus:]*

I'ma iron your clothes

Wit' your body still in 'em

While the background sound

Like a lobby full of women

He sold me a lemon?

I kill 'em

But bring 'em back to me first

So I can strip 'em, and close fist 'em

Then hang 'em up wit' his toes missin'

Nigga shoulda listened

That stupid ass video you sent 'em

I'ma talk about that in a second

But right now, I'ma tell you

That there will be no intervention

Words that rhyme in a sentence

Are my invention

And please let's not even mention timing

When I'm riding a rhythm

God willing, bodybag beta test

I had sex your wit' your Ex, wearing a Avirex

Came on her neck

Mutant X lubricant

I undress the cuckoos breasts

Take it all the way down to 2%

Don't let the Mandalorian

Have to wind the window down on the Delorian

Do that, he coming for all of them

*[Born Sun:]*

Yo, this a open invitation

Born Sun waitin'

Facemask conversation

Bash his face in

Rata-tat ratchet

Static, never panic

Goons from Nibiru

Scraping, grappling wooly mammoths

Bad mama jama

DC 'Bama with the hammer

Never showing teeth for the camera

Stamina laminating

CD's in Atlanta

Standing at 5 points

Channelin' the channeler

Supreme chancellor

Two-legged Tarantula  
Crankshaft crank it up  
Tote a whole camper  
Born Sun'll body you  
Wit' ballroom banter  
He said if I got cash  
I can bang the banker  
I'm looking in her eyes  
Trying to find a way to thank her  
Here's a handkerchief  
For your vaginal anger  
Cycle pharmacology  
Technology and my Wallabees  
Ain't nobody even got deets'  
Screaming against Socrates  
Standing next to chickenhead pottery  
'Cause the squares got on top of me  
Next year is don release  
Everybody getting a lobotomy  
I called it balderdash biology  
Travis Scott concert  
Unbody spirits in the mosh pit  
Hold the crowd spiritually hostage  
What wha-wha-what 1, 2, 1, 2  
2022 more Born Sun for you

*[Bodybag Ben:]*

Look, this perseverance, huh  
Midnight toasters on your grave, son  
Lifting spirits  
You caught the Holy Ghost like Joseph Simmons  
But shit be like that when you illin'  
Blood on his shelltoes  
Can't play the villain  
Pay the piper, now its lemon peppers  
Shift the land like a shepherd  
Bear the fruit  
Taste the nectar, huh  
His arm hanging off the stretcher  
Rung his bell now he laid up like Denzel  
In the Bone Collector  
Hellish premonitions when the rent past due  
Wave mags to  
Run jewels in the Air Max 2  
He got the deuce deuce tucked in the bubble goose, ha  
Word, now he got the mac in the knapsack  
Child, all he do is party and bullshit  
Ain't no life after death when the drum rip  
It's unbelievable, he ain't ready to die  
Nah, I ain't think so  
It's either friend or foe  
Without warning to kicking in the door  
Ha, wolves at the door yo, that's for certain

44 on his frame like George Gervin  
Now his bodies squirting  
Behind the curtain, see the evil lurkin'  
Rock homes that's full of Durban  
Leave homes in ya turban, Body

# Canibus Lyrics

## "Animal Husbandry"

I crawled out the swamp  
It sound like silliness  
'Til I grab you and take you back under  
Like I'm amphibious  
Read this, they built several specialized clinics  
Just for my lyrics  
And I don't even wanna go near it  
I get scared  
I don't even debate in my head  
They said you're already dead  
Just take your meds  
Whether you're lab born  
Or you came out of a womb  
If you alive, there ain't no way  
You can't feel what I'm doing  
And until you get into it  
We gon' all suffer in mutual ruin  
Cause I don't think you understand my music  
My Godzilla four winds  
Is like four spinning dorsal fins  
The water blow the glass out of your lens  
Here's some hot water and vinegar  
Go over there and clean up all of them sinners  
Don't come back until you're finished  
Sonic weapons for war time  
Close source measures from North-com  
Animal husbandry takes all my time  
Therefore, not much I care for  
Besides certified, referenced material of well prepared bars  
Listen, I don't want no trouble  
But if I have to polish my own belt buckle  
I'ma give you these knuckles  
Smartphones and homes that talk  
Non fungible art  
Let's step outside of the bungalow for a walk  
If you look at the tall reeds  
They're beautiful as you can see  
But they will not survive the category 5 wind speeds  
Liquid cooled, home schooled  
Compound finance rules  
Anything's better than a Tyvek suit  
Jet propulsion, under the props  
Oh my god, weapons going hot  
Tail smoking like steam from a pot  
I under stand you don't really know what I mean a lot  
You're shocked to hear me say  
"Come over here and clean my cock"

You are a P.O.W, half of you are gullible fools  
The other half of you are running from the rules  
And my rap song  
Thoughts no man is prepared to act on  
You better call Allahu AkBar  
Rap star, riding in the back of the car  
With a bodyguard, air support  
And a tiny attack dog  
Multiple antigens approach  
Canibus, cross reaction analysis  
Niggas get smoked  
Dark power is drawn from a waving wand  
Your poetry's strong, but it cannot save the savant  
Listen to the god, that shit hard  
Demolition or dawn  
From one million bars put on one song  
Man, you got King Kong balls  
Whatever side you wanna sit on  
Just go over there and get yours  
You still want that gourmet?  
You need to come holla at Jorge  
He bet the whole house on a horse race  
Hallelujah, bodies float down the Chattanooga  
'Cause the charter boat had shooters  
Glad I took a Uber  
The reason I talk trash  
Cause life goes by so fast  
And death is like a fast moving life raft  
Look into the eyes  
Of the cytokine calm storm spinning clockwise  
Towards where you are  
Hard war cleaver, part metaverse amoeba  
Please fill out your electronic verification by email  
Populate each field with appropriate details  
I'll take care of everything else  
And just raise your hand if you need help  
Start my day with the Das EFX  
Grab my bumstickitty-blood clot vest  
Then go outside and catch wreck  
Touch the stage  
Survive a place  
My hips gyrate  
When I feel that burn  
It put a smile on my face  
Microphone fiends focus  
To smell the metabolic acidosis  
Coming from the rose garden cultures  
Command and control  
Then transmit from both poles  
That's just one of my campaign goals  
If you're not busy swing by  
Soft music, dim lights  
Real nice, kind of got that I Ching vibe

Nowadays you got to live right  
Try not to be out past midnight  
That's probably the only thing I did write  
BMG merchants very adverse with smart contract purchase  
They handle more pressure than combat nurses  
How many beats? How many verses?  
It depends how many people are working  
I don't know why Americas so expensive

# Canibus Lyrics

## "Covid Santa"

The scenery starts off with a slow pan from a drone cam  
And a drone operator with cold hands  
A Body Bag Ben beat bumps, a chime from a grandfather clock  
Made of pinewood with walnut studs  
A pearly red unfinished sleigh bed of carbon fiber  
One can only guess to fly higher and faster from being lighter  
Pieces of liquor bottle shards crunched atop squeaky floorboards  
Screens on walls flashing off and on, Weather Report  
Killington Vermont, Whistler, Snow King Resort  
Black Diamond conditions travel restricted and closed off  
A shipment of hummingbird broth was lost  
Because it couldn't get across  
Mrs. Claus had a psychotic blow off  
And that's why we were called, but now that we are here  
We are seeing things are much more deeper than we thought  
The whole compound was a pigsty, black mold in the carpet  
Mouldy half-eaten cookies, milk rotting in cartons  
The elves moved all the factory equipment out of the way  
Twice a week they throw raves, Nora En Pure deejays  
Mrs. Claus doesn't know what to do, she just stays  
In her room, they say she has a Fentanyl problem too  
OK, Mrs. Claus is the spouse, for now we can rule her out  
But we need to find the man of the house  
They say he's in bad shape, just look at the landscape  
I don't care if it's man-made or not, it's a damn shame  
Mrs. Claus stopped payment  
The Goods Department ran out of patience  
The elves are working for terrorist organizations  
Rudolf's nose is sick, he can't walk for shit  
He's certified fit for service but he's got bone cyst  
Dancer and Prancer have capped hocks in fluid blocks  
We're wondering what Santa's gonna do when the music stops  
In our first conversation we asked Mrs. Claus  
About her GPS ankle bracelet, she remained complacent  
We asked Mrs. Claus, "Can you please take us to Santa?"  
She looked over at one of the elves, wouldn't give us an answer  
Now this elf was whistling Amazing Grace and didn't say much  
Looked like he had a pistol tucked, straight thug  
He said he was a playa in the global human settlement layer  
And he accepted revenue from Lord Maitreya  
Another elf said, "We'll take you to Santa  
But we need your passport, phone, radio, and your helmet camera"  
I complied, gave him all four without blinking an eye  
They opened the door and took me outside  
We walked downrange to a Buckminster Fuller building type frame  
With a door that had a cryptonite chain  
I almost couldn't believe, I heard the whirling sound

Of a machine you would use to help somebody breathe  
At first, I see bare feet, the EKG beep  
I move closer, then I see rosacea in both cheeks  
I see tubes carrying red blood out of two man boobs  
To a machine, then back into a hand turned blue  
I was so confused, I turned around to the elves  
And said, "What in Satan's name have you done to yourselves?"  
One of the elves stepped forward  
He said, "This is hard to ignore, but I owe you an explanation  
I'm not a doctor, but I'm not an impostor  
I'm a medical proctor, and I don't think he's got much longer  
You see, lactic acid is green, uric acid is orange  
Sulfuric acid is yellow but Santa's is much darker  
His citric acid is clear, I know that I'm a fast talker  
But he's gonna die without the proper anatomic markers  
'Cause his interstitial fluids have been mixing with unknown  
Biopollutants turning him into some kind of mutant"  
In other words, technically Santa's entire genomic integrity's  
In great jeopardy's what he said to me  
And he's been treated for the latest strain, he's positive  
Non-homologous, we contacted Dr. Oculus  
Our last communicae' placed him in two hours away  
But I should warn you if he's not here, we have to operate  
"Operate how? Here? Sure, there's wrecked shit everywhere  
This is a fucking sanitary nightmare!  
Good idea, glad you're in charge, you're doing a great job  
Look at him! Don't you think Santa looks a bit gone?"  
Antibody dependent enhancement, what are Santa's chances?  
Don't they make an ?ulcerated? cream for cancer?  
You little shit, you be using my phone to look at dick pics  
When I was your age, I used to work at the Big Dig  
Fluorescent, illuminated X-rays, polyethylene death sprays  
From a nuclear submarine's wet bay (Yay!)  
You are pathogenically primed for prime time  
The meter says 9, 9, 9, 9  
And now Christmas is fucked, I hope you're satisfied  
What you gon' do now Santa done died?

# Canibus Lyrics

## "Kaiju Karaoke"

Moses was a black man  
With red hair like saffron  
I heard you the first time  
I chose not to respond  
Prophecy is fulfilled  
When Enki and Enlil are killed  
And Lil Nas' X face is on the dollar bill  
How you like that for a metaverse thrill?  
Still ill, and I don't even need record deal  
But real, you know my name, son don't chill  
And now the whole world got a license to ill  
When they shut down the grid  
We gon' be outside doing a bid  
Institutionalized, right where we live  
Apologetically thank you  
Put noose around neck and hang you  
While two yankee doodle dudes shank you  
Biologically scan you for your own safety, then ban you  
'Til your own people abandon you  
Now you standing outside the dollar store  
For a fifty-cent whore  
Bout to go on a 25 cent tour  
You let that whore sit on your face?  
She taste like sodium borate  
And by the way, that stuff taste great!  
Disclaimer; don't you try that at home and then blame us  
I ain't famous and they still say my name too much  
Yet on the other side of the veil  
Every single comparison will fail  
Cause every multiple rhyme is a spell  
My poems are known unknown knowns, but it's hard to know  
How much knowledge can grow from one node  
In the vaccination drive-thru I sat in the seat behind you  
I shoulda sat in the seat beside you  
Quiescent, still present even if I go back to the essence  
There's no way I forget what I remember  
Sniper specific relax, hold breath, squeeze trigger  
Wait for confirmation, get up, get out of there nigga  
Canibus rhymes are not immediately obvious  
They're supposed to be positive  
So he ain't really accomplishing shit  
My name is the ripper and I beg to differ  
I know men who are bled from the liver  
And labeled gorillas, breadwinners  
Robert De Bruce, De La Soul, Posdnous  
Yeah, I know it sounds like something I got from Dr. Seuss  
Lyrics retooled, recommissioned and outfitted for hip hop use

You talk that shit? I talk that shit, too  
Malaiky [?]  
Youtube all the time  
I'ma get it to help me build my shrine  
Gunmetal colored, rip magnum rubbers  
Tear that ass up, I ain't gotta brag or nothin'  
I gotta a happy hips, yoga bitch, zombie killer tovarich  
Big titty, Tesla model, S motorist  
That shit will ambush your base camp  
Beat you with the propane tanks  
Then set fire to your cocaine plant  
Hunger Games rescue package  
Daisy state the mechanic in action, gun rap pull-ups  
Bull Pups blast em  
Cut slash and smash, laugh, tater tots and hash  
I spray hair spray on your ass and pass  
Cause you can't afford the seizium, or the magnesium  
Everybody know that's a million-dollar premium  
Their inability to reason is the reason they're not breathing  
And that's what we focusing on this evening  
The return of the king  
With a maverick three probe on a string  
And that's how he gon' know everything  
He was there when global fear  
Became self-aware  
If you scared, bow your heads and join me in prayer  
Insurrection, act and tact  
You living in a trap  
If you do this and don't do that  
You just get whacked  
Self-inflicted cyber-attack  
Crypto card sitting on your lap  
The gas life in tea made him take a crap  
Fuck that, feathered blowdart to the back  
You collapse, thermite cutting charge  
Carved into the small of your back  
Robotically controlled sequencing units for knocking on doors  
To make sure you're home and you haven't run off  
A hundred thousand Queenzflip clones  
All in your borrough alone  
Welcome to the terror dome  
Protest in silence, rhymes wait  
Do not fly it  
So what? I like pirates much better than pilots  
I'm a giant, Ireland is my island  
I'm full of surprises  
So get the fuck out the way while I drive it  
Life is all for 'naught  
If you cannot offer your own thoughts  
You will be sold without ever being bought

# Canibus Lyrics

## "The Long Road"

I don't deserve this...

To die like this...

I'll see you in hell... yeah

Yeah

Me and you gon' take a ride

Out to the countryside

All we got is a full tank

And some rusty knives

I'ma pull up at a disguise

Kind of close to those guys

That's looking around

And we're just gonna slowly drive by

There's a duffel in the back

Whatever you do, don't lose that

And if you do lose it, don't come back

Is chaos to your liking?

Do you find revelations exciting?

Tell me that's not why your smiling?

Alexa, can you tell Siri to explain

To Billy The Barnes hoppers theory

While I adjust the mirror

So I can ask myself

"Do I still look like a nigga? Well do I?"

Hybrid probes, surveillance for surviving

It's nodes test survival mode

Battle rapping on the side of the road

May I pose to share

Your wood burning stove in the cold

See I am old and cannot muster

The strength from my phone

The island of Dr. Monroe

Is not a place you would like to go

But I can take you there after the show

Yo, the pain oil Sombras in my brain

Can't remember my name

I shit the bed, then ran out of depends

Yo, I'm a mess

Oh lord, please show me mercy

I traded my water berkey for a slice of turkey

The rhymes. the patterns and interactions

Between these two passions

Have given me the freedom that I'm after

There's only very little I can say to you now

100,000 bars or more could probably take me awhile

You will soon find death

On a dry river bed in Tibet

I keep that out back in my shed  
Stay out of trouble, but live a little  
Go piss off the side of your vessel  
To go back to fixing the whistle on your kettle  
Something they don't teach  
The algae will eat away at the bare feet  
Then walk on Pebblestone beach  
The voice of my muse  
Asked me when we could meet  
I was confused when my muse  
Leaned forward and kissed my cheek  
My writers block was released  
Pussy was so sweet  
My pen stood up by itself  
And started to write like a beast  
Sorcery, every molecule in my body talks to me  
On this long road my muse walks with me  
Aluminum thirtied pin, extraordinarily thin  
Nicely snug subcutaneously under the skin  
I always lose but I'd love to win  
Maybe this time this is it  
Nothing to do with that rhyme wizard shit  
This is about my muse  
I myself have nothing to prove  
Hip hop is a tool that I use  
I talked to Jay Z, I met with Lyor  
I pretty much done it all  
I couldn't agree more  
The continuity of thugged shit  
Straight up sucker shit  
That ain't gon' last long  
In this New World government  
Diplomacy is everything  
Speak with integrity  
Know who you in the room with  
Be quiet for clarity  
If you ever embarrass me  
There can be no parody  
I'll punch you in your appleseed  
And run when you come after me  
My muse is so classy  
She take me down to the haberdashery  
After morning tea time with the family  
Notty dread  
I'ma beat you wit a had or a bread an not a ed  
Any pussy who a test me, dead

# Canibus Lyrics

## "Verzuz"

BodyBag Ben and M-Eighty Verzuz the world

Rakim Allah the God Vz Snoop  
Kurupt Vz Jeru and Afu  
Cardi B Vz MC Lyte  
The Neptunes Vz Onyx in the Tunnel  
On a Sunday night  
Tory Lanez Vz Kendrick Lamar at the Sharp Bar  
Big Punisher Vz G Rap in a smart car  
Busta Rhymes Vz Leaders of the New  
Every member of the group  
Swizz Beatz Vz Timbaland and Magoo  
Doja Cat Vz The Lady of Rage  
2Pac Vz Cage  
Eminem Vz T-Pain and 2 Chains  
Nastradamus Vz the Bdi MC  
The whole Bootcamp Vz BDP  
Jay Z Vz KRS-One (We're not done)  
Childish Gambino and Chino Vz King Sun  
Black Thought Vz Smooth Da Hustler  
Scarface Vz Busta  
Brother Ali Vz Steph Lova  
Tribe Called Quest Vz Slick and Doug Fresh  
Young Money Drake Vz Lord Finesse  
Red and Meth Vz Ghost and Chef  
Sauce Money Vz 38 Spesh  
Chi Ali Vz Dres  
Ice T Vz X-Clan  
Al B Sure Vz MC Shan  
DC Vz Cool Disco Dan  
Born Sun Vz Jay Elec  
Scratch Vz Terminator X  
This'll be the dopest urban event  
Roc Marci Vz Cee-Lo  
Fat Joe Vz Camp Lo  
Ab Soul Vz UTFO  
Smoothe Da Hustler Vz Black Thought  
Remember Jack the Rapper '94?  
Del Vz DMX, my dog  
Monie Love Vz Questlove on a stretch rug  
Wit Pudgee the Fat Bastard, that's messed up  
Lauryn Hill Vz Bushwick Bill  
D12 Vz ODB and Supreme Clientele  
Action Bronson Vz his father, that's the Number One Chief Rocka  
Boss Rick Ross Vz Big Poppa  
Moe Dee Vz cold Cheeks over Easy Moe Bee  
The whole Duck Down Vz MOP

Griselda Vz Cash Money  
Shabazz the Disciple Vz Bad Bunny  
Everlast Vz Vinnie Paz in a skully  
Post Malone Vz Noreaga and Capone  
Tone Loc Vz Gravediggaz while they cremate bones  
Mike Jones Vz Mic Geronimo Vz Jim Jones Vz Sacario  
At Red Rock, Colorado with Supa Mario  
Drink Champs, give me space  
Drake Vz Masta Ace Vz Mase Vz Charli Baltimore, pretty face  
Freddie Foxx still got them burn marks on his waist  
I bet you Nore' won't blow no smoke in his face  
Uptown Puff Vz McGruff  
Rah Digga Vz Lady Luck  
A+ Vz Lady Bug  
Anthony Hamilton's band Vz the Elephant Man  
And LA the Darkman at Hot 97s Summer Jam  
Lil Flip Vz Will Smith  
Ying Yang Twinz Vz Big Gip  
World greatest pimp Too Short Vz Tip  
K Solo the fugitive Vz The Pugilist Vz Jadakiss Vz This Is The Most Beautiful Thing In This World  
Cassidy Vz Chubb Rock  
Outside a bloodclot, truck stop  
A\$ap Rocky Vz Aesop Rock  
Jurassic 5 Vz The Fantastic 4 Vz The Treacherous Three Vz Audio Two on BET  
Cali Casino F-L-I-P Vz Free  
In a [?] virtual metaverse dream  
D. Dot the Madd Rapper, Ron Lawrence, Hitmen, Stevie J and Trackmasters Vz BodyBag Ben  
AZ Vz Eightball, MJG  
Willie D Vz DJ Quik and Tray Deee  
Rashid Vz Shock G  
Me Vz Club 1, 2 and 3  
Coolio Vz Young MC  
Greg Nice and Smoothe B Vz Pete Rock and CL Smooth  
Guru Vz Grand Daddy IU  
Nicki Minaj Vz T Boz in some old school Filas  
Plies Vz Outkast and Goodie Mob  
Charlemagne the God Vz Star  
Angela Yee Vz Agallah  
Wendy Williams Vz La La  
Silkk the Shocker Vz the Funk Doctor  
Waka Flocka, Mystikal Vz Murs and Math Hoffa  
Cam'Ron Vz Cambatta, in the middle of Harlem  
The Dogg Pound Vz D Block in Yonkers  
K Rino Vz Jo Jo Pelegreno  
Rampage Vz Migos  
Kriss Kross Vz Illegal  
Dre and Snoop Vz The Rapping Duke  
Just Ice Vz Papoose  
Techn9ne Vz Hopsin  
Redman Vz Blue  
Father MC in a three piece suit Vz Sheek Louch  
Undercard Saigon Vz MC Juice  
Supernatural Vz the whole Juice Crew

Craig G sitting by the dock of the bay, in a booth Vz the Coup

Major Figgaz Vz Mook

Freddie Gibbs Vz Luke

Loaded Lux Vz RTJ produced by Stoupe

Juicy J Vz Kwame

Ludacris Vz Wale

LL Cool J Vz Dr Dre

Pak Man Vz Timbo King

All kneel, kiss the ring

In the ring, while Ashanti sings

Chuck D Vz WC

Zack from Rage of the Machine Vz RA the Rugged Man overseas

Showbiz and AG, Big L and OC Vz Diamond D

Ain't they all DITC?

Roxanne Shante Vz Rappin' 4 Tay

Mac Dre and Blahzay Vz Pos' K

Kool G Rap Vz Twista from Chiraq

He gon' snap wish I could NFT something like that

Pras the Ghetto Superstar Vz Gangstarr

At the [?] Bar

Escobar Vz Bizarre

Tragedy Khadafi Vz Lil Yachty

While Busy Bee, Kool Rock Ski steady rock the party

Royce Da 5 Vz the Furious Five

Tonight at the Apollo, if you go, I go

Fabolous Vz Channel Live

Bahamadia Vz Wise from Poor Righteous Teachers

KXNG Crooked I Vz Flo Rida and Wiz Khalifa

Wyclef Vz Beanie Sigel

At the Bellagio casino, whoever win gotta Vz Benzino

Organized Konfusion Vz Run DMC

To me, that's real E-M-C-E-E

Tyler, The Creator Vz Ali Vega'

3rd Bass with a Gas Face Vz Lupe with a Laser

Bush Babees Vz Lee Majors

Chill Rob G Vz Rob Base

Me Vz Megan The Stallion, naked!

Cypress Hill Vz Naughty By Nature

In a urban situation

NWA vs Jah Vega

Agallah the Assassin Vz Nick Cannon

David Banner in Atlanta Vz Juelz Santana

Spinderella Vz Salt N Pepa

Mikey D Vz Large Professor

Remy Ma Vz Armageddon

Groovy Lew Vz Mickey Benson

That ain't even nothing to mention

Canibus, you just trying to get attention

Grand Pu' Vz Brand Nu'

Ja Rule, Cadillac Tah and Black, too [?]

Q Tip Vz Ice Cube

20 million views

50 Vz Wu Tang Power, he make power moves

Large Professor Vz Nature and Mega  
Queenzflip hug too aggressive  
Nigga be standing outside your session  
Crucial Conflict Vz Children of the Corn  
Smoking Hay in the barn, with J Cole from Fayet-nam  
Jeymes Samuel Vz Mr Magnanimous  
Canibus writes the song, with no camera tricks  
Hush Killa Vz Dilla Vz Beast G Unit gorillas  
Yayo and Banks Vz Master Builders  
DJ Muggs Vz Young Thug  
Da Youngtas Vz Da Youngbloodz  
Vz the homie from the Cella Dwellas, uhhh  
Rashad Jamal Vz Osiris and Von  
Willie Dynamite called Maintain Vz Higher Ark  
Bryan Meyers Vz Anuel  
Denzel Vz Samuel  
Chris Rock Vz Dave Chappelle  
Sade Vz Patti Labelle  
Prince Vz Micha-El  
The post office Vz email  
Heaven Vz hell  
Canibus, like Kaiju, told you I rarely fail  
Now I'ma go outside and burn me an L

# Canibus Lyrics

## "Chase"

(feat. MF DOOM, Kool Keith & Justin Tyme)

On the move!  
It's been a long time coming  
Can-I-Bus and MF DOOM  
They been waiting for this  
Yeah, chase coming soon  
On the move!

MF DOOM my cellmate, two-tone stealth paint  
Wait for the Philadelphia freedom bell, the jailbreak  
Chase? Nah, I overtake, you tailgate  
How does carbon monoxide tastes, snail face?  
They move at a snail's pace and get drowned by the Maelstrom weight  
Crustaceans and deep water ocean plates  
The great permeated purge, Serbian, no Siberian skirts  
Two seconds before the die-off occurred (On the move!)  
I was singing in a quiet church, through fast radio bursts  
Helium stars, webcam search  
A free spirit was the dead man first, tell me how does that work?  
MF DOOM explain it to you next verse  
Four footprints hydraulic, as for pilots  
How about it? Royal purple dispersal for high mileage  
Steam vapors from radiation create perpetual rain  
In a hydroplane and don't ever chase them (On the move!)

Batman and Robin head bobbing, no Joker, Penguin  
You see him freezing up like Mr. Freeze  
Catwoman on the mind, the Batmobile design, Alfred the butler  
Dynamic duo hustlers, burn rubber  
Gotham City, I'm spinning in the gutter  
Left the Batcave full of computers, the Mad Hatter the realest  
See my bars red like Twizzlers  
I'm so hot like Hot Wheels color shifters  
Diagonal over Gotham City looking pretty (On the move!)  
The Caped Crusader continues through the stages like a player  
Pullin' up on the Joker while he playing poker  
King Tut hoppin' out the Range Rover with brolic shoulders  
Green Hornet and Kato see the Lamborghini doors open  
Same rims on the BM as the Lotus  
Dark blocks and they pop like Pop Rocks  
Your girl on the cock, she jock a lot  
The next episode reload (On the move!)

New evidence compels to reopen the murder case (Come on)  
A witness emerged and snitched a certain name (Word?)  
Description appeared somewhat like Churchill's weight (Haha)  
A heavy man dressed grungy like Kurt Cobain (Haha)

A purple face can be seen on CCTV (Uh-oh)  
Assisted precisely like CP3 Chris  
Paul with blood on the claw so evidently  
Be careful, this man knows his business, at ease (On the move!)  
For sure, his motive was bad bad, not good  
Rumors are out, a badass from the hood (Haha)  
Still looking for him but they having no clue  
Well, don't mess with assassins, you fools (Haha)

Cock the swammy back, don't hesitate, react  
Believe that, they defecate where they eat at  
More repulsive than the Boar's Head logo  
The trees had 'em seein' impulses in slow-mo, woah (On the move!)  
A whole lot of funk, a whole lot of drunk  
Who knows? Coulda did a line or bump with Donald Trump  
He hear voices in his head, he gotta jump  
Not now, too much lactose, gotta dump  
A wise owl, growl with a mean scowl  
A stand-up dude even when he seem foul  
Meanwhile, the world keeps on spinnin'  
It seems the forces of evil keep on winnin' (On the move!)  
Change of plans, now take that off your hands  
Retreat back to the cave with your mans  
Super Vill', salute Milk D, top bill  
Top-notch, you chop meat, we chop krill  
In the midst of trappin' and gun clappin'  
DOOM twenty-five years in, son's slappin'  
Wrote the key to life down on some napkin  
You can't find it, whoever do is like-minded

On the move!  
On the move!

# Canibus Lyrics

## "Desperados Pt 2"

(feat. Hus KingPin)

### *[Canibus:]*

The pressure I'm under could wake a vampire from slumber  
The undead hunter, coagulated blood guzzler  
The Rogue War Horse in inclement weather  
Sucking sour milk from a cow udder... that kinda pressure  
Muffle your pain with a muzzle, make it sound better  
Then try to breathe through a mask stuffed with down feathers  
The Crown Ripper, the time-tested Sound Wizard  
I stand at the foot of the fountain of wisdom, listen  
Just let these light orbs glisten through your speaker system  
We could go wherever you wanna visit  
Using my world-renowned vision, the BLK Kissinger from Kemet  
Now how you wan' do this, nigga! Y'all hear that? Crickets...  
I'm made outta bars and biometrics, Jigsaw leave your spine severed  
Horus Rise! Meteorites streak across skies  
You in a Drive-thru ordering fries, "Drago" - if he dies... he dies  
With huskified eyes - as the temperature drops below ice  
Finger tips put out candle wicks, my fast muscles twitch  
So lit I might try to arm wrestle you for your bitch

### *[Hus KingPin:]*

And for the castle that we sit on at the royal palaces  
It's a capsule with the riddles and my lonely addict  
I hope I could see you, your servitude elects your static  
It's impossible, I ornament niggas with automatics  
I'm Callisto, how it feel to rule  
Like back in high school, was it molecules or if molly was cool  
I used to cut class and smoke hash, fuck ash  
Put the drugs in the ass if the badge come harrass  
I'm free, and gave you niggas some space to speak  
[?] all this kingdom and throne belong to me  
I bloom under April's moon, that's a reason to dream  
Backstroke a season of seas  
I suffocate your rain, you fell to my gravity  
I undertake the game, now my niggas run the league  
Show your humble face and shame, my nigga, uncomfortably  
Do what we ought to, Desperados Pt. 2  
What